



## Maine Farmer

HOMAN &amp; BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

## Thoughts for the Times.

Among the things which the recent so called "Farmers Movement" in the West, has demonstrated, is the simple truth which amounts almost to a axiom, that the surest way to encourage agriculture, and render farmers prosperous and independent, is to aid local manufacturers and thus create a good home market for the surplus products of the soil. Farmers in thinly populated districts, as throughout many sections of the West, meet with much loss in consequence of the cost of getting their products to market; and where the market for any product is at a distance, it cannot otherwise. Indeed, it seems to be a well established law in political economy that those having crude articles of any kind to sell must pay the cost of exchanging them for money and goods needed wherever the latter are found. If the market for western corn or wheat, be fast, is in England or New York, the only sure way of overcoming the heavy freight taxation which sending it to market imposes, is to create a consuming market for these products near the places where they are produced. Throughout the great West the demand for manufactured goods is enormous. One can hardly mention an article of manufacture that is not in quick and almost constant demand in the greater portion of Illinois and other of the new western States. Now, while this demand is most active, and the attention of the farmers and capitalists and political economists is directed to it, does it not offer a most excellent opportunity for the establishment of manufacturing enterprises at the West? Just now is the time to start hundreds and possibly thousands of manufacturing industries throughout the West; it is these that will build up the East, and give us an immense capital, much of which is now West to build up her burned cities; but what they have done for the East they can also do for the West. Chicago should be a great centre of manufacturing industry, and aid and encouragement should be given to whoever will start any branch of manufacture. Manufacturers of wool, cotton, iron, copper can be as easily established and as economically produced in Illinois as in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts;—and by this course our country would become more wealthy and independent.

Another thing it has shown is the force of organization and combination, and the power farmers have within themselves if thus organized. The grangers of the "Patrons of Husbandry" have become very numerous, and they are so compacted that their united action has been felt by many, but a little time ago regarded their efforts in attempting to regulate the rates of transportation, as little better than a farce. It has demonstrated that farmers are capable of exerting a great influence, and that if well organized and compacted is a fair, honorable and righteous fight, they are sure to win. Not only throughout the West, but in the older Eastern States, and even in our own remote corner of creation, organization among farmers for social, intellectual or financial improvements and advantages, will be productive of the best results. Farmers have lived somewhat isolated and have worked and thought single handed, each man for himself. Organization will help farmers themselves and give them greater advantages among their fellows. Even in Maine, where they do not wish to control railroads or handle Legislatives, farmers may organize for purposes of social and personal improvement and reap rich rewards in so doing. If they will, they may even elect their own governors and representatives, and secure just such appropriations for the encouragement of agricultural societies, the support of the State College of Agriculture, the carrying on of the scientific survey of the State and other objects affecting our industrial and agricultural interests, as they see fit. If not time they had more voice in our legislative halls, than has heretofore been accorded to them, in the carrying out of such measures as these?

The recent conventions held in Illinois, Indiana, and New York, have been made up almost wholly of farmers, or those representing the interests of producers; and they have been marked by a high degree of harmony and unanimity of action. We have heretofore refrained from expressing any opinion upon the merits of the questions discussed by these bodies, partly because the movement has been engendered and carried forward by a secret organization, to which many of our readers may be opposed; and partly because many scheming politicians have seized the opportunity of making the new movement the opening of a new political organization, perverting it to the purposes of a party which has heretofore arrayed in opposition to another political party in our country. We simply wish now to make an occasion for impressing upon all our readers the recognized fact that the producer and consumer have a real common interest, and they also should have an interest with the transportation companies; that while united they can work for each others advantage, and when separated there is, as a natural result, discord, selfishness and real prosperity.

The direct lesson to Maine is, that to make possible encouragement should be given to every form of manufacturing industry, as by this means our resources are developed, a good home market for the products of the soil, secured and consequent prosperity comes alike to producer and consumer. Our State has abundant facilities for the establishment of many branches of manufacturing industry, and we should appreciate the opportunities and benefits that are ours in this respect. With these advantages, a thriving population, and a soil capable of producing enough for all to eat—why should Maine farmers be disheartened?

## Stones Transported by Trees.

Brief articles in our column concerning the moving of huge boulders several miles through their being frozen in ice, and then transported when the water was at a high pitch, reminds us of the instance mentioned by Darwin in his entertaining "Voyage of a Naturalist," of the manner in which stones are frequently carried in the water very long distances. In his description of the island of Keeling, or Cocos, situated in the Indian Ocean about six miles from the coast of Sumatra, which is an atoll or lagoon of coral formation, he mentioned the fact that Capt. Ross found a fragment of green stone rather than a man's head, which was well

rounded and embedded in the conglomerate on the outer coast. The occurrence of this one stone, when every other particle of matter is calcareous, was a puzzling matter. Darwin concluded that the stones must have become entangled in the roots of some tree, floated to the island and landed upon the shore. Considering the great distance from the nearest land, the combination of causes against a stone being thus entangled, the tree washed into the sea and then landed in safety—seemed almost improbable. But Darwin found this opinion confirmed by the statement of Chamisso a distinguished naturalist, who accompanied Kotzebue, stating that the inhabitants of the Radick archipelago, a group of legend islands in the midst of the Pacific, obtained stones for replacing their instruments by shooting the roots of trees that are cast upon the beach. This must have happened several times, it being natural in consequence of the cost of getting their products to market; and where the market for any product is at a distance, it cannot otherwise.

Indeed, it seems to be a well established law in political economy that those having crude articles of any kind to sell must pay the cost of exchanging them for money and goods needed wherever the latter are found. If the market for western corn or wheat, be fast, is in England or New York, the only sure way of overcoming the heavy freight taxation which sending it to market imposes, is to create a consuming market for these products near the places where they are produced. Farmers in thinly populated districts, as throughout many sections of the West, meet with much loss in consequence of the cost of getting their products to market; and where the market for any product is at a distance, it cannot otherwise.

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Augusta, June 21, 1873.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.  
5.00 in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within  
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ed on the account of the subscriber to their proportion. The  
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substitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money remitted  
to him.

A subscriber desiring to change the post office  
direction of his paper must communicate to us the  
name of the office to which it has been previously sent,  
otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his re-  
quest.

## Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. DARLING will visit Penobscot County in  
June and July.

Mr. C. S. ATEN is now canvassing the country of  
Saco and Biddeford.

Mr. J. S. SMALL will call upon subscribers in York  
County during the present month.

## The Other Side.

We have always supposed there were two  
sides to the Indian question, and if it were  
demonstrated by no other testimony than the  
recent murder of several defencives Modoc  
captives by Oregon volunteers, we should  
consider the point sufficiently proved.

But this is only one of a thousand wrongs which have  
been perpetrated upon the Indian aborigines,  
during a long series of years, prompted  
by the cupidity, selfishness and villainy of the  
self-styled civilized whites. At the treacherous  
murder of General Canby and Commissioners  
Thomas by Captain Jack and his savage  
warriors, the cry of recrimination and bitter  
extermination went up from every part of the  
land. The crime was regarded as more espe-  
cially monstrous, because it was perpetrated  
upon persons who were under the sacred  
protection of a flag of truce and while negotia-  
tions were pending for a peaceful adjustment  
of the questions at issue. But Capt. Jack  
was an unfeigned savage, burning with the  
recollections of the wrongs which his ancestors  
had suffered at the hands of the white race.  
The flag of truce with him was not  
held sacred as is with civilized nations. The  
teal talionis was a controlling idea, and so he  
rashly raised his hand and slew those who had  
never personally injured him, but whose ef-  
forts were even then being directed in his own  
behalf. The act was perfidious, treacherous,  
and deserving of extreme punishment.

The murder of the Modoc captives may not be  
an exact parallel to this, but it is certainly  
bad enough, and when we consider that it was  
perpetrated by white citizens, in cool blood, it  
gives us a clearer idea of the elements which  
go to make up the Indian question.

Another atrocious and cool murder

is the case reported from Jersey city. A boy  
was arrested for killing and skinning a colored man  
and blinding up his laboratory, the jury returned  
a verdict of acquittal on the ground that it  
was done in self-defense. It is a strange ver-  
dict and excites no little unfavorable comment  
from the public press. The life of a colored  
man cannot be regarded as of much conse-  
quence when such a verdict is returned.

The trial of Wagner which has been going  
on at Alfred, results to mind the brutal mur-  
der of two defenseless women at Smokey Nose  
Island of Portsmouth, on the 6th of March.

On Saturday the telegraph announced the  
shooting of a young lad in Hudson, N. H., by  
a young man whom she refused to marry, and  
who, after failing to shoot her father, finished  
the bloody tragedy by shooting himself.

On Monday the news came of another brutal  
murder in this State, and one in some respects  
without a parallel for atrocity in the annals of  
crime in Maine. In the quiet town of Thorn-  
dyke, in Waldo county, the dead bodies of Al-  
mon Gordon, his wife and daughter were  
found in their beds, with marks plainly show-  
ing that they had been horribly butchered with  
an axe. A little son was also discovered alive  
but badly mutilated. A brother of the mur-  
dered man has been arrested on suspicion of  
the fearful crime, and it is thought that a family  
quarrel concerning property, led to the perpe-  
tration of the crime.

In New York city last Sunday there were  
two terrible murders, one moral stabbing case  
and numerous other less serious crimes.

Frank Gillen, aged 23, stabbed his wife Ellen, aged  
10 years, four times in the breast, killing her  
instantly, at their home in Crosby street.

When arrested he said, "I stabbed her because  
she would not live with me."

The fact is, the brother detrac-  
tors in Crosby were not made up of those  
reckless, uneasy spirits like our own  
western frontiersmen, who fled the Indian  
country with bad whiskey, cheat the poor sav-  
age out of his government bounties, the pro-  
ceeds of his hunting and his lands, and then  
murder him because, pushed to the wall, he at  
length stands at bay. This class is directly  
responsible for nine-tenths of our Indian  
wars.

In Canada the Indians have generally been  
on terms of peace with the whites, and those  
scenes of violence and bloodshed so common on  
our western frontier, are there almost un-  
known.

No one will claim that the Indians of  
Canada are any more intelligent or any less  
savag[e] than are those in the United States,  
and that they are white men who deliberately  
murder every Indian who comes across their path.

And yet this class is no  
more despicable and little if any less criminal  
than those whiskey selling, swindling ex-  
ortioners, who have been the means of destroying  
whole tribes and of filling the minds of the  
survivors with feelings of hate and insatiable  
revenge. The inhumanity and cruelty of the  
white race should be as distinctly kept in  
mind, when we are discussing this question as  
are the violent deeds of the Indians, and due  
allowance should always be made for the  
superior intelligence of the former, the posses-  
sion of which renders them so much more cul-  
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During a drunken brawl in Patrick Hughes'  
East House street saloon, Edward Kirkland,  
a ruffian, plunged to the floor a long knife in  
the breast of James Duffy, a laborer 23 years  
of age. Duffy threw up his hand and ex-  
claimed, "I am done for," and fell dead. The  
murderer escaped.

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Poetry.

**THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.**  
Here I go creeping, creeping everywhere,  
On the dusty road side,  
On the sunny hill side,  
On the green bank side,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.  
Here I go creeping, creeping everywhere,  
At the open door,  
Where the aged poor,  
Hear me sing, play, play,  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.  
Here I go creeping, creeping everywhere,  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low humming:  
For I am a ghost,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
More welcome than the flowers,  
In Summer's pleasant hours.  
The birds sing, the birds sing,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me come, come, come, come, come,  
Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,  
My humble song of praise,  
To His lowly command,  
I beauty I command,  
Creeping, alway creeping everywhere.

Our Story Teller.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

The Policeman.

Don't you go and make any mistake! The pictures in the comic papers, and all the rest of the jokes about police work, you will never see again, and I can laugh myself at good joke at the expense of the force, but for all that there is not as much in them as some of the work that is done makes out. Most of 'em are as safe as they can be, and though they are not as safe as they can be, they are not as safe as they can be. There was no one in particular in the bar, and so I passed through to the back, and there in a shut-up skittle alley I caught sight of the gang, in eight number, and with three sailors on the side, I put on my boldest face, bounded into the alley, and shutting the door, placed my back against it. The gang was there, and they acted as though they didn't know what they were about, though they didn't know what they might be wanted, and not one of them said a word or moved an inch, but I noticed my man pick up a beer-pot and make a pretence of sipping it, though I could see enough that he might be wanted to be ready to fit it to my mouth if it should be turned out that he was the man wanted.

I caught his eye, and in an off-hand tone, "You know it's I've come for you, then let me advise, don't do anything in the pot-throwing line. It will only make things worse for you, for the house is surrounded, and there are men enough in reserve to take a houseful of you." "I'll let it drift or glory this time," he answered, "and so here goes," and as he spoke the words he threw the pot as hard as he could, and then made a dash for a window at the end of the alley. The pot just skinned my ear, and then I was on to him like a panther, and he had all but mastered him, when one of the gang, that had popped out so near as my back was from the door, came running back, and told him that he was wanted, and he had better make his escape. This was enough for them. Within another word said, they made a rush towards me; and, though I still held my man, they were cold, and a player flashed through my mind, and I knew that I was to do; they might have won after their tone, I expect. Why, taking it all through, there's few businesses as are more risky than a police man's. In plenty of nights I have been got out of my bed by a hand-bell, and I have got out of the dangerous classes, but is it not the policeman that has to deal with 'em, and it's a known how dangerous they are. They know whether it's only women or boys that we collar, and they make things that by the looks of them the policeman is, to a young man. "Revenge is sweet" is a motto with a good many of them, and when they are loose they will often go a long way to have it on the man that has been the means of caging them—that is, I mean by the gash you see on the side of my face here."

I had got a customer two years for stealing lead, and I was one of those that escorted him to the van afer he was sentenced, and as we passed out of the prison yard he said to me, "You've got that shirk, but if I may say any odds, I'll see the next, but I have got to die for it."

I could tell that he meant what he said, and I bore it in mind. When he was out again, I kept well on my guard whenever I saw him lurking about; but at length he was too sharp for me.

One rather foggy night I was passing the top of a dark side-street, when hearing a rush, I wheelled round as quickly as I could, but the hand-bell, as it happened, was only half-seas over. He was a big lump of a fellow, a Yankee mate, as I knew afterwards, and about as cool and bold a card as there well could be. And they sprang forward, so did he, and I was about the dangerous classes, but is it not the policeman that has to deal with 'em, and it's a known how dangerous they are.

He was to me, and if I had been half an inch more on the temple it would have been an end of me. As it was, it laid me up for about a month, and beyond marking me, it did not permanent harm.

When I got duty again I said nothing, but made up my mind that there should be a third chalk to the game between me and the fellow that stuck me in the eye, and so I went about in ones to seize him; but before he could do so, he had been half an inch more on the temple it would have been an end of me. As it was, it laid me up for about a month, and beyond marking me, it did not permanent harm.

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It was only about a two minutes' job altogether, but it was a mighty tough one, I can tell you, and a dangerous one, too; and what is, that when people are in a bad way, and you don't know what to do for them, they may know the day or hour, when in the way of things they may have to tackle a faw in which their life is at stake.

The Mystery of the Iron Mask.

Two things there are which have greatly exercised public curiosity in the last two hundred years. One is the name and station and cause of detention of the prisoner of state known as the Man in the Iron Mask. One is the secret of the Iron Mask.

One of the most remarkable few, not resident in August, who over the signature of Janus, and the secret of the British ministry, and about forty odd years of life, he had to support his head upon his hands.

Fortunately it only reached my left shoulder, and though it cut me for the time being, for I felt my arm drop uselessly at my side, he staggered a bit, partly missing his blow, and before he could recover himself I was fairly matched, and if the officer can, and pretty so fair. They are man to man, and pretty so fair. He was to me, and if I had been half an inch more on the temple it would have been an end of me. As it was, it laid me up for about a month, and beyond marking me, it did not permanent harm.

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Historical Memoranda.

President Champlin.

The following concise and well written sketch of the life of Col. John Champlin, who died at his residence in Boston, on the 10th of April, 1878, was written by the charge of Colby University, to copy from the "Oracle," the interesting and elegant annual, just issued from that institution. It will be read with pleasure by the large number, both in our country and abroad, who are highly interested in the nobility of pursuits—the education of men—and create for himself a name which shall long survive him.

JAMES THOMAS CHAMPLIN, D. D., was born in the town of Colebrook, Conn., June 9th, 1811. He was a young man of great talents, and, while a student at the University of New Haven, he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He graduated at the age of 14, he united with the Baptist church in that place.

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Fortunately it only reached my left shoulder, and though it cut me for the time being, for I felt my arm drop uselessly at my side, he staggered a bit, partly missing his blow, and before he could recover himself I was fairly matched, and if the officer can, and pretty so fair. They are man to man, and pretty so fair. He was to me, and if I had been half an inch more on the temple it would have been an end of me. As it was, it laid me up for about a month, and beyond marking me, it did not permanent harm.

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